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THE
P R O S P E C T
O F
L I B E R T Y.

[Price Two Shillings and Six-pence.]

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P R O B E C T



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THE

2

P R O S P E C T

O F

L I B E R T Y.

ADDRESSED TO

The GENTLEMEN of the County of H—N—G—D—N.

Cum omnis servitus est misera, tum vero intolerabile est servire, impuro,
impudico. Cic.

L O N D O N:

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MDCCLXVII.

THE
PROSPECT
OF
LIBERTY



THE GENTLEMEN OF THE COUNCIL OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM

Can only be given on request, and are not to be given without
the authority of the Council.

LONDON:

Printed by J. G. Allen, at the British Museum, and by J. G. Allen,
and others, at the British Museum, and by J. G. Allen,
and others, at the British Museum, and by J. G. Allen,

THE PROSPECT

OF

LIBERTY.

PEACE to the man, from ev'ry anguish free,
Who 'gainst the rebel foes of Liberty
Dares a bold champion in her cause appear,
Unknow'd by int'rest, and uncow'd by fear:
Who laughs at the mean pageantries of state,
And cannot clap the follies of the great
Who scorns a splendid vassalage, howe'er
The burden may be gilded by a peer;

B

And

And uncontroul'd, had rather on the wing
Of full-plum'd freedom fly, than be that thing.

Tho' pamper'd high on lazy Luxury's throne,
 Who has no will unsubject of his own;
 But tries, and tries, till pain succeeds to ease,
 Ignorance to praise, and vanity to please.

Joy to the man! protect him, gracious pow'rs!
 With softest lapse serenely glide his hours!
 Be annual incense scatter'd o'er his grave!
 Who dauntless offers slaves to unenslave;
 Unlinks, like Curtius, the indignant chain,
 The saviour, acting in the guise of man;
 Whose bosom glows for his poor country's good,
 The patriot, mixing with the ruddy blood
 That cherishes his heart: and stems the tide
 Of foul Corruption, and her father, Pride:
 Above temptation, prompted by no view
 Of gaining, from new vices, honours new,

But

But large of soul; in spirit finely chaste,
With bribeless virtue, sterling merit grac'd;
Courts greatness only, his great mind to shew,
And bid the genial current richer flow.
Bless'd be all such; heav'n listens to the pray'r,
And B--R--N--D proves, that some such men there are.

Pain to the wretch, (if such a wretch there be,
And, —, much the draught resembles thee,
Speaks thy base nature much; and for thy pride,
Thy meanness, lowness, seems still more ally'd
To such a great original; for sure
Nothing which is remarkably impure,
Nothing which is uncommonly unfair,
No action which smells rankly of the bear,
No deed, which brings disgrace on human life,
Or fills mankind with ferment, fraud, and strife,
Stain to thy quality! but may with truth
Be said to favor of thy feats of youth,

E'en to the present hour.) Pain to the knave,
Infamy haunt him in his troubl'd grave,
And scorn o'ertake his folly, who to ill
Is so betroth'd, and up the topmost hill
Of cunning creeps, or climbs, his pow'r and pride
To glut: who flings all principles aside,
All the best ornaments of grace lays down,
Black'ning all bosoms, which, unlike his own,
Aim at salvation: who, to reason dead,
Buries in mud his heart, to shew his head;
Who to gain aught, hell's horrid fires would brave,
Delude the virgin, or corrupt the slave;
To speed his purpose, at no mountain stops,
And all th' excrescences of roguery crops;
Gallops from sin to sin, from shame to shame,
Fond to be first in wickedness and fame:
Who, from her center, should all nature gape
And earth enwomb, would then commit a rape
On easy virtue, could the monster find
A suppliant fair one to debauch her mind.

Double the pang on him, who to a heart,
By vice incrusted, joins the savage art,
The simple, and untutor'd, to debase,
And bring on innocence as much disgrace
As on the hackney'd, long-polluted soul.
In the dark eye of Satan this is foul !
With me, tis such a vice as wants a name ;
And ev'ry drop that courses thro' this frame
Chaf'd as it flows, curdles and fires by turns,
While each rous'd art'ry at the villain burns.
Shou'd I see one so destitute in mind,
As my pen glances over human kind,
And my muse searches Nature's ample page,
And rapid canvasses this wond'rous age ;
Such shou'd I see, tho' ev'n my ink might blush,
Administration bid my quill be hush,
Arch legislators my bold verse restrain,
And that proud lion, Law, its plaited main
Tremendous tofs, and into piece-meal shake
This fearless body, they should never make

My tongue be silent : at enormous length
This hydra wou'd I paint, and with full strength
Seize on the nameless fiend as satire's prize,
Bare to the bone each sin, yet still despise
His botching guineas, and his meaner threats.
Nay even tho' to those hum-drum debates,
Those formal pride-cut speeches, I shou'd stand
Before great —, who from this knave-cramm'd land
Sweeps many a ----- and many a finner,
And many a faint, perhaps, to speed his dinner;
E'en in this awful circle I'd arraign
That wretch, whom nature never meant a man
To call; but as a public plaguing pest,
Sent him in human shape, to play the beast :
Such, tho' before the throne of that dread king
I rev'rence, would I stab with satire's sting!

Perish the bard, who dares not do the same,
Dead to all honour, be he dead to fame!

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2

His works condemn, as one perpetual blank,
Unnotic'd in the list of bards of rank.

Pain to all such! and lo! by *** sent,
——* steps forth, defying punishment.

Canst thou not tremble? Is thy rocky heart
Proof against Shame's keen stab in ev'ry part?
Is there (unknown to thee) no little spark
Of latent worth? all o'er Tartarian dark?
No particle of feeling in thy breast?
Entirely an invulnerable beast?
How often in the honour-drowning Styx
Hast thou been lav'd? What strange materials mix
With thy unblushing blood? or didst thou come
A perfect knave and atheist from the womb?

O CHURCHILL, would but unrelenting death
Give up his right one moment, and thy breath

Life

Life once again re-animate, thou shouldest see
Such a disgrace to true nobility,
To earth, to heav'n, to God, to man, to devil!
Each vein, so bursting full of ev'ry evil,
As all thy mighty magic would demand,
And change thy pen to light'ning in thy hand!
O rise, with rage on thy immortal brow,
And with full fury, at the villain throw
A task well suited to thy daring soul.
Beyond all check, and stranger to controul:
Rise then, and thy vice-quelling arrows deal,
E'en till he wishes to 'scape scorn in hell,
Yet wish in vain. Then shall man hunt him down,
And Fame fresh garlands weave to dress thy crown.

It must not be: mute is great CHURCHILL's song,
And Vice no longer dreads his pointless tongue.
He sleeps, and with him sleeps each nobler muse,
Our present bards satire's rough road refuse;

Tame

THE PROSPECT OF LIBERTY.

9

Tame, tender spirits, whom no fire can warm,
 And nought but downy, sliding numbers charm;
 Tun'd to soft slumbers, their sweet ditties move;
 Here smirks a Venus, there the Boy of Love
 Bedimpl'd murders some poor maid in rhyme,
 By them the babbling streams are taught to chime;
 The Pleasures, in their measures, blithe advance,
 Breeze sighs to breeze, and light-wing'd Sylphids dance.
 Or else, they bid the sapling fairly tow'r.
 Full often all the fragrance of the bow'r
 Perfumes their poems, while an enthron'd rose,
 Planted by ease, which delicately blows,
 To laureate her dear sons, as red as red,
 Plays, blushing, o'er each folly-favour'd head:
 While gentle readers try, with gentle pains,
 To drawl to ladies, lady-labour'd strains.

And let them drawl; let bards on tiptoe go,
 And talk, or walk, skip briskly, or move slow;

Let

Let them, unenvy'd, rose or feather wear,
 In ringlets let young shepherds braid their hair,
 And when, alas! their sickly children die,
 Let all the wood-nymphs groan, moan, sigh, and cry.

Let these poor triflers trifle; but my pen,
 Howe'er unskill'd, bolder shall sing of men,
 Search deep the heart, pry nicely into things,
 And mount on something more than goose's wings.

CHURCHILL deceas'd, thrice fortunate to thee,
 Great *—*—*, thou may'st tremble e'en at me;
 Fear pursues guilt, a universal creed,
 Who knows but thou may'st shudder at a reed?
 As did the butch'ring, but more honest Moor:
 The base of soul are oft in spirit poor.
 I'll try my pow'rs (tho' small) and thou shalt see
 Some still there are, who dare lash villany.
 My pow'rs I'll try; yet think not I'll detain
 (For, 'faith, I look on thee with a disdain

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11

Too great) th' impetuous progress of my song,
To fling at thee; but as I go along,
Invited by occasion, I will try
To squeeze one drop of grace from thy hard eye.
Wake (if thou hast it) that old-fashion'd thing
So busy in most breasts; perhaps its sting
One petty art'ry, yet uncurs'd, may touch,
Tho' Truth, unflatt'ring, whispers me, not much.

I ask not Phœbus, do but thou inspire
My bosom, CHURCHILL, with thy glowing fire,
Each line shall strike some coward scoundrel dead,
And even ——— hang his Tyburn head.

Wilt thou, O *—*—*, for I know thy spite,
Say, wilt thou dungeon me because I write
As honesty directs, 'cause Justice fair
Bids thee for rigid scrutiny prepare?
Say, wilt thou fetter Justice, Law undo,
Because I hang, to universal view,

Thy

Thy matchless picture! But, by heav'n, I swear,
 Still will I summon thee to Reason's bar,
 When my theme kindles: do not then suspect,
 Tho' now I leave thee, that I will neglect
 So great a man. Of Liberty a word,
 And soon again I wait upon my l--d.

Is there a being tenanting this earth,
 Is there a noble of mere mortal birth,
 Who, justly shunning ev'ry meaner art,
 His wishes streaming copious from the heart,
 Can at all times be to his country true,
 Faithful and trusty, as the favour'd few
 Whom Virtue loves? can ev'n in Sixty-seven,
 (A year when goodness, gospel, God, and heav'n,
 As stale, trite, pitch-patch words are thrown aside,
 And, in their stead, a much politer guide,
 More modish and less rigid, brought in vogue,
 Which gives the Great a privilege to rogue

E'en

E'en with eclat) prove he's of public use,
In such an æra; and the vile abuse
Which plain desert from saucy Envy meets,
Especially when Merit walks the streets,
As now 'tis said to do; her taunts o'erlook,
And all the hisses of her creatures brook;
Can, as the southern gale, and summer-sun,
Temp'rate, and gen'ral, life's short circuit run,
Scatt'ring unbounded blifs; as mild as morn;
Friend to the poor, the wretched, and forlorn;
Can worth to tinsel, sense to gold prefer,
And dread from tenderest principles to err;
Can spurn the recreant, who will flick'ring fawn,
All virtue prostitute, all honour pawn;
Well-bred to all; to most politely free;
To ev'ry station and capacity
Gentle as peace; unschool'd in tricks of gain,
Firm in old friendships, in professions plain,
Prudent and sparing; (as in days of yore,
When Reason had the golden key of pow'r;

When virtue, wit, and manners held the sway,
 And justice to distinction led the way;
 When piety deserv'd preferment got,
 And villains rare as good men now: To rot
 Unbury'd, when the sycophant was left,
 And all state juggles deem'd a hanging theft;
 When the gem only on the bravest breast
 Was seen to glitter — stars adorn'd the best
 Alone, and not the dullest clod of earth
 As now; because, forsooth, his stupid birth
 Bids the weak oaf most awkwardly be fine:
 His scull, O ———, a-kin to thine:)
 Gods! is there one who can his thoughts employ,
 Wide o'er the world, to spread each free-born joy,
 O! is there one? Him shall my soul adore,
 Him, my heart warmly rev'rence, rich, or poor.
 Yes, one there is, and blameless B—N—D he,
 The friend of struggling, lord-gall'd Liberty.

A noble is there (if it strikes thy breast,

O ———, think me not in idle jest,

It

It may be thou may'st feel the contrast true,
 Own the just sketch, and profit by it too.)
 A noble is there, and of human mould,
 Who got in flav'ry, slave to slavish gold,
 Whose title, could it speak, aloud wou'd tell
 How vast a claim its master has to hell;
 Who plumes, vain puppet, on that airy word,
 Of little weight, altho' it dubs him LORD,
 Yet charms the booby with its dull, dull sound,
 For what good reason, common sense ne'er found;
 Who froze to that nice shame which wrings the breast,
 In which divine sensations deign to rest,
 Unwarm'd by motives which impell the mind
 To act those deeds for which it was design'd,
 Dabbles in every thing which can debase
 The dignity of man; each vice embrace,
 Cling to each folly, catch at ev'ry sin,
 Flatt'rer without, a sycophant within;
 Whose sneaking virtues monstrous vices choak,
 Drunk with debauches, with diseases broke;

Round whose curs'd heart, curls, pois'ning within
 Its very core, that deathless serpent Sin,
 Whose vitals his own wickedness obscenes,
 Will, ever prompt to injure, were the means
 To be obtain'd: One who unhock'd could vote
 For God's dethronement; and a brother's throat
 Scar with the ruthless sword, so he thereby
 Securely with that brother's wife might lie?
 A noble, who can fly, stoop, run, fetch, bend,
 Pimp, and procure or — the vilest end,
 By such vile ways to serve? A lord so bad,
 Mischief alone preserves from being mad.
 Look thro' this globe, encanopy'd by air,
 Post thought on travel, retrospection share
 The arduous search, strain forwards, and glance back,
 Then say if one is so immensely black?
 O, dear delusion, let me still believe
 None such there are; 'tis gen'rous to deceive,
 When the deception happiness affords;
 I must not, cannot think earth holds such ———

"Tis

'Tis the mere coinage of my frenzy'd brain,
The work of fancy, by bright Reason's rein
Uncheck'd. For none are so engulph'd in shame,
Who could support the stigma of a name
And character so foul; Remorse would break
Their conscious hearts, and in each changeful cheek
The blood wou'd mount, with madness and disdain;
Now pale fly back, then crimson rise again:
Confusion wou'd arrest their reeky breath,
Damnation would be life, a refuge, death.

Some dæmon whispers me, (it mayn't be true,)
Whispers, there's one superior to the crew
Of common knaves; who, lost to all that's fair,
Taints, with broad follies, the infected air;
To whom no charm of soul was ever giv'n,
No gleam of grace that speaks its birth from heav'n;
Whom Nature, when she made him, with an awe
That shook her frame, consider'd as a flaw

In her great work, and wou'd have chang'd her plan,
Rather than call so vile a thing a man;
And therefore, with assenting heav'n's accord,
Jointly agreed to name that thing a LORD,
In whose wild plotting brain and canker'd breast
An anarchy of sins for ever rest;
There lie in embryo, breeding in his mind,
And only wait for birth to plague mankind.
In him no honest thought cou'd e'er find place,
And from his heart no angel, vice erase;
With whom meek-ey'd Devotion is a jest,
And Vice the feather that adorns his crest.
Religion, blushing with a modest shame,
Bids the fir'd Muse in darkness cloud his name.

A reptile is there, weakest of his kind,
Of head so soft, so insect-like in mind,
Who trucks his virtue for insolvent gold,
And lets his best prerogatives be sold

On

On the bare mention of some promis'd place,
Or at the simper of some subtle face,
Risks all at random: to himself unjust,
Who is so poor as a poor lord to trust;
Or who so calm, so frigid, to support
The long, long watchings of a tedious court;
Or stoops to be a peer's dependant log,
Fed at his will, as I would feed my dog;
Who lives but in the favour of his eyes,
Huzzas his follies, ecchoes all his lies;
Reason divorces from his wayward mind,
Slaves 'cause he's filly, starves because he's blind;
Breathes in a state than non-existence worse,
Ev'n of the kitchen trull and cook the curse;
Who without murmur, groans, remorse, or rage,
Can sing or twitter in his keeper's cage,
Turn as he turns, the shadow of his shade?
Such, such a being Nature never made!

Hold, cries Poboso, stung with honest rage,
Let not trim Fancy claim the copy'd page,

For

For truth commands, (without a Muse,) to say,
Examples are not wanting, while for pay,
Pastry, and pence, — grubs ; that earwig —,
Whom if to call a living thing or not
It poses much : however, he is one
Your portrait fits ; for petrify'd to stone,
By custom and by pride, is —'s hard heart,
Iron his ribs, incapable of smart ;
And tho' his meagre face is beat out thin,
Shewing his narrowness of soul, within,
Yet is the flimsy weathercock so proud,
As those same limbs of leather to enshroud
In flashy laces, and (at once to shew,
In the same creature, parson, bard, and beau)
Now see him strut bepowder'd and belac'd,
And then in an old russet cassock grac'd ;
See him at home, in garb and temper queer,
See him abroad, companion for his peer :
Nay to complete the ape, his uncalv'd legs,
Which seem made up of Nature's very dregs,

When

When she was rack'd off to the lees in making,
And forely tir'd with shaping, and with baking
Such stubborn flesh) in neatest filk must dress,
Silk bought of **, ye bards, for nothing less
Will ——— put on. But much, alas! I fear,
—— must shine forth in yarn, another year;
His patron sinks in credit, his strong oaks
Groan, nod, and fall, beneath the founding strokes
Of the stout woodman; and the Proteus ———,
Unstocking'd and unlac'd, might fairly rot,
Se defendendo did he stand; for bards,
Like other finners, meet their due rewards,
And ev'n the apron'd tradesman, sternly sour,
Pushes the poetaster from his door.

Thus, honest Truth bade blunt Podoso say;
Then I pronounce ——'s very foul is clay.
Canvass creation, no where shall you find
A thing, tho' much the meanest of its kind,

E'en this vain lord (such charms in virtue dwell)
A moment pausing from the thoughts of hell,
Sneakingly loves the merit which in vain
By cold half praises he attempts to stain.

Lives there a man (whom int'rest ties not down),
Who wou'd not gladly in his well-earn'd crown
Stick the fresh laurel? Ev'n these sons of need,
Were they from crufts and base dependance freed,
Rejoicing in the dear-lov'd freedom giv'n,
Wou'd cling with zeal to B—N—R—D and to heav'n.
And see where far superior to the croud,
While the whole country shouting peal aloud,
The candidate appears. Around him fly
Freedom and Peace, twin sisters of the sky;
Their wishes and their hopes depend on him,
The public wonder and the public theme;
Expect from him their ravish'd rights restor'd,
Unfetter'd by the shackles of a lord.

From

From generous B—N—R—D, form'd to win and blefs,
All look for pity, all entreat redrefs;
Intreat from rapine, revel, fraud and toys,
From bald conspirators and beardless boys
To be deliver'd. Now no more to bleed
Beneath the plotting of a ——'s head,
Who priding on the dignity of birth,
Turns out the veriest knave that e'er cramm'd earth.

B—N—R—D, go forth! observe, a general smile,
From him reflected, glads this sea-girt isle.
Honest and honour'd, loving and lov'd,
By ev'ry wife and worthy man approv'd;
In conscious merit happy, happier still
To see such numbers, flush'd with patriot zeal,
Support his int'rest, and with warmth oppose
The little, mean, unmanly tricks of those,
Who lost to ev'ry appetite that's brave,
Try ev'ry hackney'd method to enslave,

Pluck

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Pluck from the free-born heart its right of choice,
And hang a padlock on the willing voice.

B—N—R—D, go forth, and laughing by thy side,
Her loose locks flowing free in lib'ral pride,
Her brows enwreath'd with olives, ever green,
Peace in her eye, and pleasure in her mien;
Delightful Liberty! Hail, god-like pair!
Let universal music rend the air,
With rapid touch strike bold each living string,
Be glad, ye youths, ye beauteous virgins sing;
Let shaking Laughter, harmless Mirth sincere,
Preside, all jocund, thro' the festive year:
For now no more shall Adulation's tongue,
With quaint set speeches (flatt'ring traps of wrong)
Varnish each fallacy with study'd art,
Or sap each virtue from the simple heart:
Slav'ry no more her iron chain shall cast;
For bulky villany has fall'n at last:

H

Brown

Brown Drudgery no more shall weary sweat,
 For men will rather starve than meanly eat
 The bread of Shame ; and those who at the board
 Of this unprincipled, detested I—d—
 Are bid to sit, must earn a slavish meal,
 (O ! stab severe to those who know to feel)
 By vilely aiding all his works of vice ;
 A soul for dinners is no trifling price !

But that is o'er, my ***** stands confess,
 Clear as the blushing star on M——h's breast ;
 His followers shun him, and his vassals spurn,
 His minions, disappointed in their turn,
 Grin at the grinner they before carefs'd,
 His aims now censure, and his deeds detest.

Pent in some plaister'd garret high in air,
 With half a table, almost half a chair
 Rotten and rickety, poor BAVIO fits,
 BAVIO, that dying liver on his wits ;

Gaunt,

Gaunt, lank, and tall, part shabby, part a rake;
So very gaunt I tremble for his sake,
When the breeze breathes on his aerial dome,
And almost wish the *Thing* was safe at home.
With spleen devour'd, with curst miscarriage stung,
And, like his brother dupes, by cunning flung,
Silent he nabs his quill, fierce gnaws his thumbs,
Twitches his nose, and fullen grinds his crumbs.
Thick-shelv'd around the cobweb-curtain'd wall,
(How humbly diff'rent when the spacious hall
Receiv'd them with acclaim, which BAVIO lov'd,
And all the merry peers around approv'd,)
In ample rows the bastards of his head,
Mothy and black, in dusty pride are spread.
There he bemoans the blindness of his soul,
When for a trade so infamously foul
As public servitude and party rage,
He funk the parson in the menial page;
There he bemoans the ever luckless day
When first he left religion's onward way,

Barter'd

Barter'd his honour, and abus'd his parts,
 Drudg'd to the purpose of his master's arts ;
 Oblig'd with all his whimsies to comply,
 Flatter each foible, sanctify each lie ;
 Talk as he talks, the echo of each speech,
 And praise the lordly gropings of his breech :
 Yet still, methinks, 'tis far beyond dispute,
 That BAVIO has some shame --- for he is mute.

Nettl'd as much at l—ds, as at *itself*,
 Is J——N, grinding, money-loving elf.
 Heav'ns how *it* swells, of empty nothings proud,
 The crazy captain of a staggring croud ;
 Boastful yet impotent, unwise tho' vain,
 Weak yet oppressive, slave to artful gain ;
 Slow in all good works, in all bad ones first,
 Unblest'd by Nature, and with riches curst ;
 Pride in *its* gait, opinion in *its* eye,
 Rude to inferiors, mean to quality.

Seest thou with what an air *it* strides away,
Like HAMLET's ghostly father in the play?
Seest thou what horror hangs upon *its* brows,
When humble merit lowly begs and bows?
Seest thou how finks that low'r into a leer,
When fideling onward rolls *its* awkward peer?
How leaps *its* heart! how fugar'd ev'ry word,
When in the awful presence of my lord!
Tickled with trifles, and with trifles teaz'd;
At mischief (like the monkey) vastly pleas'd;
It puffs, and stuffs, and sweats, and frets, most big,
Its pate enshrouded in a load of wig;
But griev'd at foul, to see *its* gen'ral fall,
Skulks back, lest *its* own self should drop and all.

Its turncoat father, image of *itself*,
Equally fond of wickedness and self,
Close by *its* side smirks, primming up his head,
As heavy as his child's, of pond'rous lead.
Yet, strange to tell, these phantoms hate the parts
They act, and damn all roguery from their hearts;

Int'rest first made them knaves, and wholesome pride
(Now int'rest sinks) forbids to change their side.

The virtuous Few, who once espous'd the cause
Of this fall'n l—d—g, who o'erleaps all laws,
(The man discover'd, stripp'd of each disguise
With which he once could cheat the keenest eyes,
The naked knave expos'd to open light,
His bare, bad arts full rushing on their sight,)
Desert, despise, and leave him to that Pow'r
Who only has the wond'rous means to scour
Acts of so dark a die, at which fiends wink,
And *** cannot hear of but must shrink.

Starv'd by the music of a high-born lie,
See L—E, unhonour'd, and unbishop'd die ;
----- gulp, in wrath, his stinted gill of wine,
Forc'd with his liv'ried parasites to dine ;
And nobler C—K—E, with indignation glow,
And weep, by turns, that l—ds can sink so low.

Is

Is there a father free from honest fear,
Left in the steps of this alarming peer
His son should stray? or yet unyielding maid,
Who of this more than NERO an't afraid?

Is there a mother free from pious cares,
Left her soul's treasure in the cruel snares
Of this bad man should fall a sacrifice,
Caught by the specious couzenage of his lies?
All pull, with dread, the infant to the breast,
And bid it shun yon coronetted creft.

The bleating parent thus, with kind concern,
As her lamb grazes in the treach'rous fern,
Sollicitously calls the wand'rer home;
From her safe side warns it not far to roam,
And trembling shews much fear of danger nigh,
From the wild motion of the fox's eye.

B--N--R--D, go forth, and chace this fox away,
And ev'ry servitude at length repay

With

With instant liberty ! Ye pow'rs ! her name
 Fires all the patriot passion into flame ;
 My bosom's monarch on his fightless throne
 Sits glad, and burns for liberty alone.
 Shame to mankind, shall Villany prevail ?
 Shame to mankind, shall star-ey'd Virtue fail ?
 No. B--N--R--D triumphs, and by honest means,
 Unpropt, unpillar'd by fly Falsehood's screens,
 Wins the vast conquest of a county's voice,
 Agreed our hearts, unanimous our choice.

Enough of ***, for I hate the theme,
 When one can never speak with mild esteem
 Of him we think of, but must rage aloud,
 Because he's monstrous mean, and monstrous proud ;
 Enough of shame, the tail-piece of his fins,
 Enough of turn-coats, and retorted grins ;
 Of ills, his thread-bare followers feel enough,
 Remorse and conscience, curses, and such stuff ;
 Enough

Enough of what might possibly have been,
Had not our candidate a fairer scene
Gen'rously open'd; and enough of him,
Whom Nature seems to have brought forth for a whim,
That *Thing* of paper, with a hand of down,
Whom Folly rock'd and christen'd for her own
Enough of all the air-fed slavish clan,
That pimp and poach for this ill-shapen man;
Whose ev'ry joint seems warring with its brother,
As if each limb was angry with the other.

Permit the Muse, on bold excursive wing,
More pleasing truths, in milder notes, to sing;
With her to B—N—R—D turn, and fresh, from him,
Catch the first rays of Freedom's orient beam.
Already see reviving Virtue dawn,
Each care (like night-dreams at the peep of morn)
Which Want created, or Dependance bred,
Vanish away, rebounding on the head

of

Of him who made them. See, from Sorrow's eye
 B—N—R—D the sad tear wipes; Oppression's figh
 Serenes; bids white-rob'd Faith exalt her horn,
 And Honour fear no more the taunts of Scorn;
 E'en to foes courteous, to well-wishers kind,
 The patron, friend, and guardian of mankind!

Religion, whom great ***** bound in chains,
 Afflicted sore by penalties and pains;
 (For ***** from the moment he was born,
 Look'd on Religion with an eye of scorn,
 And, early tutor'd in the schools of Shame,
 Would almost blush, should he attain the name
 Of Moralist;) unclogg'd by insults now,
 Shall o'er the smiling country fairer blow.

Honour (with him a bubble, and a word
 Of course, of which he rarely ever heard
 The mention but he hemm'd, or grinn'd, or swore,
 For Honour is with him a common whore,)

Shall

Shall now again recover from her wound:

A B—N—R—D lifts the cherub from the ground.

Merit (which unlamented, and forgot,

Might, for what He car'd, linger, faint, or rot;

For saw he LAZARUS bleeding at each sore,

— would kick the good man from his door)

Merit, with him, no sweet compassion meets.

The knave who stabs, the nymph who scours the streets,

The wretch whose breast is savage as his own,

The debauchee, with vices aged grown

More than with years, --- the daring man of fire,

The private eves-dropper, the public liar,

Alone his favour find: and they most in

His graces are, who most are damn'd by sin;

Yet shall e'en virtuous Merit now arise,

A B—N—R—D mounts the goddess to the skies.

Warm Charity (indebted for no bread

To Him, for she ne'er enter'd in his head,

Unless

Unless when unawares his callous eye
 Observ'd a brother-finner passing by;
 Perhaps a F--e--h--r, perhaps a man
 Built, like himself, on the true villain plan,
 Who might push on some deep-concerted scheme,
 Which would make good men start, tho' in a dream
 Conceiv'd: Yet such poor famish'd rogues as these
 Might get with pain a fix-pence and a squeeze.
 But Indigence, that never fear'd or sign'd,
 For him, in all its world of mis'ry, pin'd)
 Shall now, supported by a B--N--R--D's hand,
 Plenteously show'r her blessings o'er the land.

B--N--R--D protects his virtues, and will give,
 Far as his power extends, the pow'r to live
 Unflavish, unenslav'd. O, Sons of Dust!
 And ye who vote black white, *because you must*,
 If one rich drop of Honour in your veins
 Yet flows; if one good principle remains;

If rank infection has not vilely crept
 Into your very marrow; or if scap'd
 One inch of Conscience, if one part of Soul
 Yet glows unroug'd; if not lord-rid the whole,
 Assert yourselves, your properties regain,
 And prove your Reason not bestow'd in vain;
 Revoke your promise ere arrives each evil,
 And let the man jog lonely to the Devil.

B--N--R--D, go forth; thee Patriot Spirit fires,
 To save poor Freedom ere she quite expires.
 'Tis he, my friends, invites your gen'rous aid,
 Resolv'd that l—ds again shall ne'er invade,
 By arbitrary plans, (dishonest aim!)
 And ways most low, your voices and your fame.
 O then extol his merit to the sky!
 Rejoice, for now 'tis Freedom's holiday.

As when descend the big autumnal show'rs,
 And bow the sweet heads of the drooping flow'rs;

L

When

When some dire tempest of its dreffy pride
 Strips the fair garden, tost on ev'ry side
 By warring elements ; then the black clouds
 Severing, as the bright god of light unshrouds
 His beamy head, majestic to behold,
 The æther tinging gay with fluid gold ;
 Then day returns, the vegetable world,
 Their fading foliage now again uncurl'd,
 Enamour'd of the power their bosoms spread,
 Drink his warm ray, and grateful fragrance shed :

Thus rise, by worthy B--N--R--D's will to save,
 Snatch'd from the savage, and from every slave
 Who would entangle in his net of flame,
 Whate'er of happiness is worth the name.
 Thus rise again our honest rights restor'd,
 And like the clouds, thus sink that dang'rous l---d.
 Smote by the fun of Liberty, no more
 From infamy to mount, or to dear pow'r

Scramble

Scramble again, unless — But let us leave
 His sentence to that God who can forgive,
 Wash e'en the Ethiop-minded — white,
 And lead him thro' the mist of sin to light
 Purer than snow, as his own S—M—N—R fair,
 Chaste as the stars, immaculate as air.

Who, when all-gentle, worthy B--N--R--D fues,
 Who is so hard of will as to refuse?
 Who, when all-serpent, worthless — begs,
 While all on fee-faw work his hands and legs,
 Does not lament that Nature gave him power
 Males to trepan, and females to deflower?
 O, B—R—N—D, who but loves to sing of thee,
 Thou, pure as Honour, free as Liberty;
 Safe may the Muse here ev'ry wish impart,
 For Virtue stamps her brilliant on thy heart;
 No prejudices false, opinions strong,
 Involve thy sober reason in the wrong;

Chaste

Chaste as the streamlet all thy passions glide,
 Brisk, but not stormy, from heart-begg'ring pride
 Nobly exempted, kind without parade,
 Good without farce; whom Virtue, when she made
 (Ere Judgment beam'd her radiance on thy mind,
 Or the full sun of Reason bright refin'd
 Each well-form'd principle) by heaven's command,
 Threw all her treasures in thy little hand;
 On thy soft lips her plastic essence flung,
 To tell th' admiring world from whence you sprung.
 Yes, thou art Virtue's own; nor blush to hear
 The voice of truth, reserve is envy, here.

Yet let not Censure, tho' the plausiv' string
 I strike, and borne on Panegyric's wing,
 Sing forth the praises of this god-like man,
 Sordidly think that Int'rest prompts my strain;
 No, by my soul (thanks to my happier stars,
 Free from all lordly tyrant's vassal fears,

No hireling scribbler, starving on my rhyme,
My incense off'ring just at dinner-time;
I scorn, as hell, the slave whose grov'ling soul
Can lick the shoe of greatness, or controul
The awe-chain'd dictates of his dastard heart,
Or dread one honest purpose to impart.
Free as the light my sentiments I'd tell,
Write what I think, and speak whate'er I feel
Open and unreserv'd, tho' I shou'd meet
Swords in each hand, and pillories in each street.

Fie on all whispers, to the public bold,
W—s like, each genuine sentence I'll unfold;
Tho' ev'ry fact shou'd blaze before my sight,
And general warrants rob me of my right.

May, something greatly horrible betide
The caitiff, who, to shew his pow'r or pride,
Dares vote away our property and hand,
And join to scatter picklocks o'er the land.

Fie on all whifpers ! dauntlefs and aloud,
 Knaves I will lafh, Oppreffion I will goad,
 Deep probe each rotten principle within
 To Vice enflav'd, and aim at ev'ry fin ;
 Soufe on each folly, make each Scoundrel groan,
 And ftrike at rogues, tho' perking round a throne.

Why fhould I fear ? I am no tool of power,
 No witty bauble to amufe an hour ;
 No arch fly make-game, and no Thing of fun
 To fetch and carry, or propofe a pun,
 Hamm'ring in vain to make dull greatnefs fmile,
 Or, if his lordfhip pleafes, ftride a ftile ;
 Unpention'd and unpatron'd I remain,
 As yet undamn'd by any venal ftain.

O, could I fee my glowing, honeft verfe,
 Fraught with fome mighty marrow-piercing curfe,
 The confcious knave turn pale : cou'd I but fee
 It work, my *****, fome fuch change in thee,

Make

Make but one blush leap ruddy in thy face,
So long a stranger to a tint of grace!
How could I laugh to lose all other fame!
The bard must live for ever, who by shame
Can sicken thee! Black-brow'd Oblivion then,
May (if she can) the trifles of my pen
With BAVIO's 'tomb; or KETCH (turn'd patriot) fire
Truths too severe; yet laughing I'll expire.

With that low cowardice, and creeping fear,
With that profound significance of leer,
With that portentous wig-wag of the head,
With all the tremors incident to dread;
With Craft and Circumspection in his eye,
(Whom Caution might mistake for some vile spy
Sent from the camp in cover of the night,
To pace, on tip-toe, thro' the fields of fight,
MORPHEUS to bribe; alarm'd at ev'ry breath,
And half-expiring at the thoughts of death)

With

With attitude, beyond the pow'r of Art
 To paint ; most like, O GARRICK, thy soul-freezing start,
 When in each muscle Terror and Affright
 Shudder the rapt Beholder's aching sight ;
 With voice half-drown'd in whispers, soft and slow,
 (As if he fear'd lest Silence self should blow
 His idle councils to the tell-tale air) ;
 With all the superciliousness of care,
 Pretending friendship, yet at heart a foe ;
 Ev'n for Contempt, a creature much too low,
 Tho' fain he would be thought staunch to our cause,
 ***** , poor wretch, reminds me of the laws !
 " Rash man, forbear, your head-long Genius check,
 " Your head must suffer, if you save your neck."

Peace, peace, thou dastard ; know'st thou not my soul
 Flies all at large, and spurns at all controul ;
 I have no sanction to chastise the knave,
 I own ; but honest, boundless, free, and brave,

Is my bold Spirit; my intention good;
And if for truth I bleed, why take my blood.
Let arm'd Oppression give th' ungenerous blow,
Well-pleas'd a martyr to fair Truth I go;
Yet, Power, thy impotence I'll mock in death,
And drop my fatire only with my breath.

'Tis true, I lash the knave, tho' purpled o'er
With costliest strings, no less than he, who poor,
Mean, and unpitied, plays the knave in rags;
Vice is still Vice to me, in cowl or bags;
Yet pure from all malignities of Spite,
Tho' justice bids me drag the base to light.
Clear from unmanly spleen, or meaner hate,
The virtuous man I love to celebrate,
And more true satisfaction should I find
To paint the beauties of a good man's mind,
Than, daring CHURCHILL, cou'd I equal thee,
When thy bold verse, this odd epitome

Of all that's base, thou —— damn'd with lasting ink,
And bade him in immortal gibbets stink.

Say, where to tender natures is the joy,
To rail, to rage, and all one's wits employ
'Gainst the lac'd Blockhead, or the tatter'd flave?
'Tis something more than madness, sure, to rave
With pleasure, and (like curs) delight to snarl
At ev'ry arrogant, unfeeling carl.
Satire is shocking, when Truth's sacred laws
Give a just sanction for deserv'd applause;
And may swift ruin seize that worst of men,
Those warrants, (tho' unwarranted) his pen,
And Muse, and self, of ev'ry power disarm,
Again to wound, howe'er that pen may charm,
Who levels not his weapon at the Vile,
Yet does not ever on fair Virtue smile.
But when some Sinner, with a giant's stride,
Hell for his home, and Satan for his guide,

Infests the land, and poisons half mankind,
Must I, like luke-warm FANNIO, sit resign'd?
See Virtue struggling in the jaws of Sin?
All that to Infamy is most a-kin
Roll round me, like a flood, engulfing all;
While Beauty, Innocence, and Merit fall
At the curst shrine of pow'r? while guilty men
Now untwist Law, and now Law twist again?
While in the guise of Honesty array'd,
Vice flaunts in triumph, o'er some hapless maid
Easy of faith, a sacrifice to Art,
Curs'd only with that gentle mould of heart
Propitious to the Knave; who with a joy
Most brutal, loves the simple to destroy?
When puff'd Ambition (who with glutton eye
Devours at once, all Ocean, Earth, and Sky,
Unsatisfy'd at last) with daring wings,
Mocking restraint, flies head-long at such things,
As if she meant to guide the world alone,
And make th' Almighty totter on his throne,

Pluck from his hand the balance of the skies,
And borne on eagle pinions rebel rise;
When this proud peacock arrogantly swells,
Vain of her vapours; when she boastive tells
Of her vast tow'rings, and assumes the nod
Majestic, vilely imitating God;
Shall I then (passive as the timid hare,
Which couches trembling, deep within her lair,
When the shrill clarion on her wakeful ear
Beats loud,) shrink shamefully, abash'd by fear?
No; I must rage: my blood o'er-boiling glows,
Mounts to my hand, and from my weapon flows.
'Tis thus I write; involuntary rave;
Nay, in my very dreams, I curse the knave;
Law-makers, and Law-breakers, feel the weight
Of my bold Fancy: Villany I hate,
And therefore punish. Say, ye milder swains,
Who spin away the net-work of your brains,
In filken past'ral, or soft-wafted fighs,
To dress the Oh's! and Ah's! of elegies;

Or

Or bid your maiden Muse, in some fair grove,
Whine with a Phillis about lawns and love ;
Say, would you curb me with the tender rein,
And the bold stretches of my steed restrain ;
Make him to amble like dull ——'s pad,
In whose begetting Pegasus ne'er had
One fierce embrace, but some such jingling cit
As QUARLE, without one flash of sterling wit
In his whole mind, (a wicked hour to pass)
Strain'd out, with toil, the mongril from an ass?
Straddle your hacks alone, in silence climb,
Safe be your journies, harmless be your chime ;
I reck not, tho' you wear the loveliest bay,
Myrtle, or musk-rose, so you give me play
For the wide range of comprehensive thought,
And let me write as freely as I ought.

Tremble, Oppression, and in future times
Expect to feel the vengeance of my rhimes.

O

Pride,

Pride, drop thy crest: forbear on 'self to glote,
Or dread (for thou canst dread) my searching note.

Conceit, no longer with thy shadow play,
Or thou shalt smart beneath my daring lay.

Full-ey'd Opinion (shifting with each gale
Imagination blows) cease, cease to fail
On Vanity's proud sea, in pomp along,
Or thou shalt feel the terrors of my song.

Wild Affectation, Nature's antic foe,
And Custom's fool, be wise; or thou shalt know
A bard there is, tho' meanest in the train
Of Phœbus, boldly honest in his strain.

Down, stubborn Spleen — Ye ***** of the law,
Puzzle no more, or ye shall stand in awe
Of Virtue's friend, who henceforth wages war
With Vice in ev'ry shape: Ye rogues, beware!

This

This fwears the Muse, by great Apollo's name,
A Muse just ent'ring on the lists of Fame;
A Candidate alone for just applause,
His merit measur'd by Discretion's laws.

Of this enough: Now let the Muse's eye
Once more in search of shame-proof ***** fly.
Hard is our choice of censure, when we find
Sins so innum'rous in one single mind;
When Satire cannot pierce her object thro',
But loads of villanies surprize her view;
And when she cannot stigmatize the soul,
Tho' black as Hell, and as Cocytus foul;
Because Damnation lurks in ev'ry part,
Glares in the eyes, and winds about the heart;
Where shall she fix? What Action shall she mark?
How draw the darkest vice, where all are dark?
Then let her ramble, devious in her song,
And shoot at follies as she goes along!

Acts, let her curse, which edge upon our right;
 Knaves, let her spurn, who in such thefts delight;
 Rogues, let her scorn, who violate all law;
 Yet tender touch upon the venial flaw.

“ The Law, cries Focus, is a thriving trade.”

Bold let her ask, why these same laws were made?

“ That men, like me, by dint of art might get

“ The purse-proud looby snug within the net:

“ Fib and be rich; to cheat beneath the guise

“ Of Justice,” Focus instantly replies.

What says the Muse? That men might live secure

In their own dwellings, peaceful, safe, and sure

Their goods preserve, their privileges keep,

And quiet share the balmy blifs of sleep;

That they might tread the paths of Liberty,

From rude alarm, and fiery frolick free;

Serenely taste of every blessing giv'n,

Their spirits ever tranquil, calm, and even;

While

While unmolested glide their hours away,
Clear as the sun, protected by the ray
Of public Justice and vindictive law;
While great Authority inspiring awe,
And Pity (her sweet bosom with a sigh
Soft-heaving, Sorrow in her lucid eye
Tenderly trembling) with united power
Drive the fierce Ruffian from the faithless door,
Gibbet the knave, the pilferer detect,
And teach to Fur and Honours due respect.
And shall some lawless villain, titled slave,
By much the less a ——— than a knave,
By much the more a devil than a man,
Toss over Law's bound neck the pliant rein;
Twist, as his pride directs, the country's will,
And mounted on Ambition's cloud-capt hill,
Indignant eye his bubbled Tools beneath,
And arrogantly snatch a lovely wreath
From the fair brow of Innocence;
Then bless his stars, proud Boaster! that his sense

Has made such conquests? Heav'n's, shall such a Thing
 Beslave us and belaw us; play the king
 Despotic; damn us with such stretch of pow'r?
 Soon may he send his mandate to devour
 Ourselves and all, like HEROD, prince of blood!
 Shall *****, by a shew of public good,
 False as his hell-black soul; just Gods, shall he,
 The lord of every lordly villany,
 Ship off our blooming sons to torrid shores;
 Debauch our daughters, while his slave-got whores
 Pimp to his pleasures, ply the arch intrigue,
 First fix the bargain, and then bind the league
 By many a promise, bait of Chastity?
 Ye few heel-dancing, fool-gull'd followers fly,
 Fly from the public R**b*r, and from him
 Who long has lull'd your senses in a dream.
 A life of slav'ry is mere draught of breath,
 And, with the Brave, Dependency is death.
 A life of slav'ry! Search creation o'er,
 None are of mind so mean, of soul so poor,

So sunk in littlenefs, fo void of fhame,
So loft to character, fo dead to fame,
As not to clank the chain that holds 'em faft,
And blufh at every low conceffion paft.

O, rather place me, Gods, where fun-beams flame
Without fociety, without a name !
Where the brown Indian, as his mountains, wild,
As the fawn artlefs, fimple as the child,
Sweats at his bow, unknowing of controul,
Charm'd with his plume, his trinkets, and his bowl :
Or where he (parch'd beneath the fcorching Line)
Pants as he tears the bowels from the mine ;
In climes unkindly to the cooling breeze,
Where ev'ry blaft fails loaded with difeafe ;
Where Sicknefs, woeful pale, and fultry Death,
Flame-featur'd Fever, Afthma, whose faint breath
In quick, fhort heavings infant comes and goes,
'Till the fpent fpirit from its old fhell flows

In the last ling'ring drops, which round the heart
 Course, fondly laggard, as if loth to part:
 Or where to heav'n, in huge fantastic rows,
 Ridge above ridge, swell high th' unthawing snows;
 Where never human form, or foot was seen,
 But Nature her sweet robe of sober green
 Changes for flaunting white: On shores unknown,
 Sunless, unnoted, helpless and alone,
 At earth's extremest cape, or any where,
 So I may live free from the shocks of fear,
 Secure my freedom, all that hated awe
 Which sometimes is inspir'd by that vain straw,
 A Lord, escape! For rather than the dupe
 Of Artifice I'd be, or meanly stoop
 To such a thing as *****, I wou'd be
 The veriest insect which on earth we see.
 Freely the Spider sports along his line;
 Out-stretch'd at listless ease, the grov'ling swine
 Lies pleas'd, and, vacant, slumbers in the sun;
 As freely, see, the fleet deer wildly run:

With equal joy, the warblers of the groves
Wing the wide æther with their plummy loves ;
The raven croaks enraptur'd on his tree ;
And ev'n the worm enjoys its Liberty.
On them no slavish apprehensions wait,
The hand that crushes, is their certain fate ;
The shot, the ball, the dagger, or the knife,
May quickly rob them of their harmless life :
But while they live fair Freedom gives her charms,
No danger terrifies, no dread alarms ;
And if inhuman man will make them bleed,
Compulsion only can with these succeed.

And shall the child of Reason sink so low,
As round his neck the galling chain to throw
With voluntary pride ! O ! less than worms,
Ye mean beliers of your nobler forms,
Turn, turn, for shame, and ply the toiling oar,
Catch th' inviting gale, and spring to shore,

Ere on your heads the gath'ring thunders burst,
And Sin and ***** make you more than curst.

But why this frantic fury, waste of time,
This rage of satire, this long thread of rhyme?
The country hisses, the wide world's alarm'd,
And the unkennell'd animal difarm'd
Of ev'ry mean and method to destroy :
O peace to Virtue! to Religion joy!
Smile, dove-ey'd Modesty, celestial maid;
Sing, snowy Chastity, no more afraid
Of brutish violation; for the man,
Whom oft the fall of innocence made vain,
Cruel, and barbarous, with dread success,
No more shall wound, endanger, or distress
By bland cajolment: Nature seems to know,
That the grand spoiler of her works below,
Of all that's fairest, loveliest, and best,
Is now of either world the standing jest,

Of

Of Fools the ridicule, of Knaves the sneer;
 While Prostitution (with a speaking leer,
 Shot from the corner of her angry eye,
 Where, fed on lightning, thousand scorpions lie,
 Darting the lures of soft perdition round)
 And Modesty (whose meek orbs love the ground,
 Beaming the holiest rapture) now combine
 (O man, so strongly do thy vices twine
 Round ev'ry fibre) to increase thy shame,
 And mark in characters of gall thy name;
 That Infamy may hiss, till this round world,
 By crush ætherial, is to ruin hurl'd:
 While Pride, alarm'd, shall strike her swelling sail,
 Globes melt in flame, and Anarchy prevail.

Then, *****, tremble! Let Reflection pause,
 For once, thy wit employ in Virtue's cause!
 Then, *****, tremble! What does it denote,
 When those who thy poor extacies promote,

Detest thy actions from their guilt-gall'd hearts;
 Wink at thy conquests, and yet damn thy arts?
 The sin must be of more than common size,
 When we observe th' ingenuous blush arise
 On Whoredom's harden'd cheek! But Truth will dart,
 Sometimes, her arrows thro' a villain's heart.
 O, may she dip them deep in Thy black blood,
 And force thee ('spite of Nature) to be good.

But soft, my Muse! What radiant power is she,
 Which in a sweepy vest of snow I see
 Sail thro' the yielding air in regal state,
 With penetrating eye, and liberal gait,
 Behold yon azure curtains, bright, unfurl,
 Unshadowing heav'n, and cincturing round her curl
 In chariot-shape, the many-colour'd clouds;
 While on the visual nerve her image crouds
 Large and more large, as down th' illumin'd skies,
 Majestically flow, the goddess flies.

'Tis

'Tis Liberty, again, my friends ! 'tis she !

O, B—N—R—D, double thanks to heav'n, and thee !

Let, then, her vot'ries duteously bring

Each flow'r that wafts its fragrance o'er the spring ;

The virgin rosebud, lapt in foliage fleck,

The blush just colouring on its damask cheek ;

The spotless lily, innocently drest,

Fair MAUHAM, striking emblem of thy breast !

And all that beautify the various shrine

Of Nature crop, to deck the gift divine,

And strew them round ; while closely crouching nigh,

Fast bound in ten-fold chains let ——— lie :

Full on the right, let god-like B--N--R--D stand,

The Magna Charta streaming in his hand,

Fair on his brow the deep'ning laurel bind,

While F——, Vice and Envy hiss behind.

Ye noble Many, who despise all fear,

Oft, as grim-visag'd Tyranny is near,

Who

Who pray for Freedom, or for glorious Death,
 And, in the cause of Liberty, your breath,
 Ev'n to its latest ebb, will gen'rous draw,
 In spite of rogue-ennobled blood, or law
 Coercive ; ye who greatly-minded dare
 Scorn the o'erweening whine, and spurn the snare,
 And rousing all the Briton in you, run
 Fixt to accomplish what you have begun,
 A B—N—R—D for your guide : Ye better souls,
 Whom only Justice and fair Truth controuls,
 Who charm'd by Independency alone,
 Brib'ry can curse ; Corruption near a throne
 Detest ; those pigeon-liver'd traytors hate
 (Whelp'd in the darkest hour of angry fate)
 Who at the feet of guilty Greatness fall
 Prostrate and vile, (like oxen at a stall
 Beneath the butcher's blow,) and court disdain,
 Kiss the curs'd hand that binds, and hug the chain :
 Ye honest offspring of this favour'd isle,
 O'er which fair Freedom seems again to smile,

In the strong mail of Loyalty array'd,
Go forth; and this p—r-pecter'd country aid.
Be still yourselves, be Britons, and be men;
Bold Liberty shall clap her pinions then,
Protective of your rights; and foſt'ring fling
Around your heads her widely-waving wing.
Peace, with a ſmile, ſhall Faction's feuds affuage,
Again ſhall flouriſh mild a golden age;
Hope's drooping eye once more reviv'd ſhall glow,
And wan Diſtreſs riſe lighten'd of her woe;
For B—N—R—D, generous (as the kindly ſtar
Which guides the way-worn trav'ler from afar)
Shall alter now the error of the times,
Be chair'd with honours, tho' undamn'd by Crimes.

When Virtue triumphs in deſpite of Art,
When men are choſen for their worth of heart,
When gilded Fallacy is thrown aſide,
And ſober Reaſon is allow'd to guide

THE PROSPECT OF LIBERTY.

The Will, it shews what heav'n design'd,
A noble union in the public mind;
A virtuous thirst to elevate the best,
And show'r their honours on an honest breast.

Protective of your rights; and fostering
Around your heads her widely-waving wing.
Peace, with a smile, shall Fashion's terrors assuage;
Again shall flourish mild a golden age;

Hope's drooping eye once more reviv'd shall glow,
And wan Disress the lightning of her way;
For B—n—d, Generous (as the kindly star)
Which guides the way-worn traveller from afar)

Shall alter now the error of the times,
Be cheer'd with honours, and undimmed by Cares.

When Virtue triumphs in despite of Art,
When men are chosen for their worth of heart,

When gilded Falacy is thrown aside,
And sober Reason is allow'd to guide
E R A T A

Page 8. l. 8, after *throw* put a semicolon, and dele the full-stop after *soul*. In several copies, p. 12, l. 6 from bottom, it is Can ev'n Sixty-seven, for Can ev'n in Sixty-seven. P. 53, second line from bottom, add, of *gentle* Innocence.